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up, forms the dry pith which we find in the barrels of quills. The projecting *processes* at the further end from the barrel, have on their edge other smaller processes. By means of these the parts lock into each other, so as to make a surface impermeable to the air, even during the most violent action of the bird's wing. The effects of this structure in preserving the skin of birds from rain; and that of waterfowl from the action of the water, is also evident. In order to render the protection thus afforded more secure, the bird is provided with a gland, which produces oil; this is placed over the extremity of the back bone of the bird, who, pressing it with his bill, extracts the oil, and smears his feathers with it. By this double protection the skin of the cormorant and seagull, and of the swan and duck, is kept as dry while they are swimming on the water as while they are walking on the land. It is well known that the plumage of the males is more beautiful than that of the female birds. When the female becomes so old as no longer to lay eggs, she not unfrequently assumes the plumage of the male. This is a change analogous to the growth of the beard in the female of the human species after the middle period of life.

THE CORSAIR CHIEF—A FRAGMENT.

The crew of a well-oared boat were seen hastening towards shore; in the stern sat a large figure wrapped in a loose cloak; his head rested upon his hand in a pondering attitude, and he seemed to take no part with the others in the boat. The lofty plume in his cap partly concealed his features; but the broadsword which was fastened to his side, and four large pistols which hung from his belt, plainly indicated his profession.

It was a fine moonlight night; the storm was completely hushed; the face of the heavens unclouded and serene; the waters, which a short time before dashed their white spray to the sky, were now peacefully dancing in the light of the moonbeams, and all was silent and serene.

The chieftain ordering his men to remain silent until they heard the signal, first sprung on the beach, and ordered his faithful Hugo to follow: he did so, and they proceeded. They had not gone far when the attendant looking around, suddenly stopped, and exclaimed,

"We proceed no farther."

"Why?" said Alberto, in astonishment.

"Because we dare not," answered the ruffian. "Soldiers advance, and Alberto is your prisoner."

"Treacherous villain," said the corsair, "be this thy reward," and he made a desperate lunge at him; but the other quickly springing aside, evaded the blow.

"Tear that bugle from him," said he to the soldiers, who now advanced, "or he will yet be rescued."

But it was now too late; already had it sounded an animated war-note, and as the last strains were dying o'er the waters, was answered as loudly from the boat, and immediately the splashing of oars was heard at a distance.

"Distraction!" said Hugo, "we will yet be lost; surround him quickly."

The glittering broadsword of the corsair flashed bright in the light of the moon-beam, but not so bright as the blaze from his indignant eye: three of his antagonists had already fallen beneath his powerful arm, when a faint scream was heard. Alberto turning round, beheld Victoria endeavouring to rush to the scene of slaughter, withheld by two of the soldiers. Maddened at the sight, he furiously attacked his remaining assailants, and tried to burst a passage through them to reach the object of his love: the cowardly assassins poured around him in numbers; Alberto gave a wistful look towards the sea, and beheld his faithful band pressing towards him. Their bright falchions blazed over their heads, and with a loud shout they sprung upon the beach.

"They came—'twas but to add to slaughter,
His heart's best blood was on the water."

* * * * *

On the following morning a dreadful scene was presented to the eye—the entire band of pirates had been either slain or taken prisoners, but ere they had been overpowered, their chieftain's death was avenged, for Hugo was found a stiffened corpse among the heaps of the slain.

MACANAS.

THE FUGITIVE LOVERS.

In 1774 an officer arrived at Portpatrick from Ireland with a young lady who had eloped with him from her parents. As they were stepping into a chaise for Ayr, her father and a friend of his came up to them, stopped the chaise, and brought them both into the inn, where the father offered to accommodate matters, by giving the officer his daughter in marriage, with one thousand pounds fortune. The lover, however, refused to marry the lady, which so enraged her cousin, that he instantly knocked him down; upon which a challenge ensued. The military gentleman fired, and missed; his antagonist's pistol also missed fire, on which they attacked each other with swords, but were parted by the spectators, and disarmed. The officer, however, had a short hanger under his coat, wherewith he attempted to stab the cousin: being observed by one of the lookers-on, he sprang in upon him, wrenched the hanger out of his hand, and carried him back into the inn as a prisoner. The fair cause of the fray observing her lover in this plight, produced a pair of pocket pistols, which she offered to shoot her father and cousin with. They, however, carried her back captive; and her gallant, a few hours after, hired another vessel, wherein he set out for Ireland after them; but meanwhile measures were taken to prevent any further communication between him and his runaway.

ORIGIN OF CROPPED HAIR.

Cropped hair first came into fashion in Ireland at the period of the French revolution. The wearing of hair powder was also discontinued at this time: the appearance of the fair sex was much improved by this change, as they did not always confine themselves to the use of white hair powder, but occasionally wore brown, pink and yellow, which falling on their skins, disfigured the fairest belles. Crops were considered a mark of republican sentiments, yet the first French Crop was a royal one, and one of her most distinguished monarchs, Francis the First. The martial manners of his age characterised every diversion; and the king, with a small band of gentlemen, attacked with snow-balls, and weapons of that nature, the house of the Count de St. Pol, who defended it with another party. A torch from the hand of one of the defendants unfortunately struck Francis on the head, and wounded him severely. His life was long despaired of; and during the course of the wound, as it became necessary to cut off his hair, he never would suffer it to grow again, but introduced the fashion of wearing it short.—Even on this occasion the magnanimity of his mind was conspicuously displayed; nor would he ever permit any attempt to be made to discover the person who had wounded him.

HIGHWAYMEN.

In September, 1774, about three o'clock in the morning, the Stamford fly was attempted to be robbed near Stukely, in Huntingdonshire, by a single highwayman, who desired the coachman to stop, but the guard who travelled with the coach, ordered him to keep off or he would shoot him. The highwayman persisting in his intention to rob the coach, the guard fired a blunderbuss, and lodged two slugs in his forehead. He was immediately put into the basket of the coach, where he lived but a few minutes. His corpse was carried to Huntingdon, where it appeared that he was a horsekeeper belonging to the Cross Keys inn at that place. He had no fire-arms about him, but made use of a candlestick instead of a pistol; he had robbed the Peterborough stage about a fortnight before he was shot in his attempt on the Stamford fly. About the same time a coach going to Lincoln, was stopped a few miles from London by a single highwayman, who was shot dead by the guard. He was muffled up to the eyes in a great coat, to prevent his being known; but he proved to be one of the hostlers of an inn, and it is supposed that he had robbed that coach several times. It appears that as soon as he saw the coach set off, he had a saddle ready in a bag, and went to an adjacent place, where a horse was ready for him. He had been often missing from the inn, but was not suspected of going upon such business.